

HAROLD LLOYD



"Lonesome Luke," of the Pathé Comedy Series, Has the Missouri Mania—Must Be "Shown."

Harold Lloyd, the "Lonesome Luke" of Pathé's "Lonesome Luke" comedies, produced by the Bob Film Co., is a scroffer and a disbeliever in the old adages. Nothing makes Harold sadder than "a penny saved is a penny earned" — start at the bank and work up" stuff. To prove his point that the man who starts at the bottom of the ladder invariably goes to the top because he hasn't brains enough to take the elevator, he tells the following story to young hopefuls who set out to conquer the world with nothing but persistence: "Ah, yes, perseverance is a great thing! A wonderful thing! Why, ten years ago I knew a man who hadn't even got to his name. He hadn't even the smallest talent or training, but he was persistent and said he would persevere till he made his pile. So he started out by gathering up old bones. Today that man is worth—well, what do you think he's worth today?" Here the aspiring ones' eyes usually gleam and he utters something to this effect: "Oh, I don't know—millions, I suppose?" "Not at all," says Lloyd; "he still owes for the basket!"

"DESERT STUFF" UNPOPULAR WITH PATHÉ PLAYERS.

Joe's "Light That Failed" Company Nearly Perish From Cold on Burning Desert Sands."

A certain beautiful and popular song is built around the theme "till the sands of the desert grow cold." The burning love that vowed to endure until such an unusual and unexpected calamity occurred would have met an untimely end had it been exposed to the biting winds that swept over the "Sahara Desert" location which produces Edward José and his Pathé players round on Payweather's Island off the city of Bridgeport, Conn., recently. Kipling, when he wrote "The Light That Failed," which Mr. José is now putting into a Pathé Gold Rooster Play, little reckoned when he placed his characters in the blistering heat of a Hades-like desert of the troubles he was causing an earnest, able and artistic fellow anxious to get his picture full of real atmosphere. But it was so, and old Boras of the nasty disposition kicked out Xerxes, Zephyrus, and all the rest of that gentle mythological crew and set out to do his damedest. He succeeded.

The steady caravan of shivering Arabs, British soldiers, camels and horses moved across the sands under the eagle eye of Mr. José, which eagle eye was shedding tears under the promptings of the heartless gale.

"Remember men," shouted the producer, "you are fairly shriveling from heat! You are parched, exhausted and dripping with perspiration. You must reg're all that!"

Frozen fingers sought for handkerchiefs and mopped brows that were blue with cold. The man who touched his icy rife barrel once with his bare hand showed a surprising reluctance to do it again. The "ships of the desert" ploughed through the sand as stiff-legged as so many automatic toys, squeaking with protest.

It came time for a "close-up" of Robert Edeson. The camera was planted and the miserable leading man placed himself in front of it. "Mr. Edeson," said Mr. José from between his teeth, which chattered like castanets. "You are in the throes of mental agony—" "Quite right," interpolated Mr. Edeson very feelingly. "You must register that," continued Mr. José, "and hold it until I give the word."

The cameraman turned. From Mr. Edeson's lips as he breathed issued jets of steam like vapor, a tribute to the potency of friend Reetas.

"Heaven!" said Mr. José, "this will never do in a desert scene! Mr. Edeson, you must hold your breath."

And so Robert Edeson registered mental agony and held his breath while the cameraman turned and signed, until his face became as purple as an Egyptian sunset.

"Say, friends," said Mr. José, "we'll finish this desert stuff in Nogales, Arizona!"



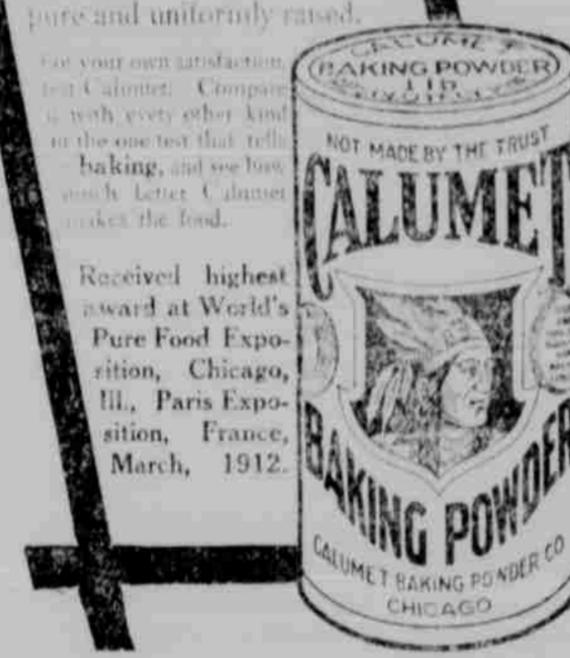
"Excuse me I Said-

CALUMET BAKING POWDER"

That's the way to talk when anybody tries to sell you some other kind. Insist on Calumet and see that you get it. Then you'll always be sure that there'll be no failure to waste time and materials—that every time you put a baking into the oven it will come out light as down, pure and uniformly raised.

Get your own satisfaction from Calumet. Compare it with every other kind in the one test that tells—baking, and see how much better Calumet makes the food.

Received highest award at World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill., Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



HERE'S WORK FOR A MATHEMATICIAN

Washington, May 12.—Denver Barker and M. J. Lester, and Nellie Edwards, Barker's widow, of Denver, Co. Said Francisco and were married three years ago. Barker became the victim of his mother-in-law.

Lester became the number one mother-in-law.

Lester also assumed a mother-in-law in the person of his sister.

Complications in relationships might not have ensued had not Barker set the stage for marrying Nellie R. Lester, sister of his new mother.

Barker did not know of the nuptials. It is said, until on coming home he found a note from his daughter telling him all about it, and noting he would not be displeased.

"Dad," says he, "I am not displeased by the marriage, but that its returning home is rather disconcerting to us all."

According to the A. V. Leader, Barker's son, Mr. A. V. Barker, attorney for Barker, was absent from the wedding.

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